

*A late Weary, Merry Voyage,  
And Journey :*

O R,

**IOHN. TAYLOR'S**  
**Moneth's Travells,**

By Sea and Land, from *London* to *Gravesend*, to  
*Harwich*, to *Ipswich*, to *Norwich*, to *Linne*, to *Cam-*  
*bridge*, and from thence to *London* :

Performed and written on purpose to please his  
Friends, and to pleasure himselfe in these un-  
pleasant and necessitated Times.



Printed in the Yeare, 1650.

2nd Nov 1841

JOHN F. M. 1841

JOHN F. M. 1841

JOHN F. M. 1841

JOHN F. M. 1841



*To the Judicious, or Ignorant Reader,  
the Author sends this loving advertisement.*

*Gentlemen and Yeomen :*



**L**E T mee entreat you not to use my Booke as you doe your Oysters, (which you open in the middle ) it is not so handsome entring into a house through a window, or the back-side, as it is in the front or fore-dooere : He's no good Courtier that salutes a faire Lady behinde, nor can that Reader finde the true sense of any Book or Pamphlet that begins at *Finis*: It is a preposterous kinde of feeding for a man to eate his Cheefe before his Rostmeat, and after that to sup up his Broath. So much for Introduction and Instruction. I thanke my *Dictionary*, I am furnished with as much broken *Latine* as declares my

perambulating condition; *Vado*, bids mee to go, *Vadens*, commands mee to bee going, and *Vagu*, puts mee in minde of wandring, but *quo Gentium fugiam*, to what place or corner of the World shall I go or flye to, there lies the question: To stay at home I was in a starving condition, and to go from home, I was in a Dillemma or wavering betwixt Hope and Diffidence, to what place, whither, to whom, why, wherefore, and how my resolution was constantly inconstant, and my determinations so slippery, that I could finde no steadfast footing in my minde, which wayes to bend my course: But considering that I had made eleaven Vagaries, Voyages, and Journies before; and that one sing more would make my Labours a douzen (much like the twelve Labours of *Hercules* in number, though farre unequall in quantity, quallity, weight, and measure) To make my uncertaine Travells a compleate Jury, I framed this following humorous Bill, which I gave to divers persons of sundry Functions, Callings, Dispositions, and Humours.

Anno Domini, 1650.

**W**Hereas John Taylor doth intend to make a *Progresse* this Summer (hee knowes not when, or whither) to see some Friends in the Countrey, (hee knowes not who,) being certaine that his Journey and entertainments will bee (hee knowes not how;) and that hee purposeth to retorne againe to London (hee knowes not what time;) and that hee intends to write a Relation of his perambulations (hee knowes wherefore:) That when hee doth give mee (or cause to bee delivered to mee) the said Relations aforesaid, that then I will freely give to him for the same, in good English money, the summe of somewhat; though neither my selfe, or hee, knowes how much or little, that somewhat may bee: To the which engagement I have subscribed my name and dwelling: where, if at his retorne, hee doe kindly finde mee, hee shall friendly seele mee.

**T**O this unfellowed matchlesse Bill, there are many men that have subscribed to pay mee money for this Booke at my retorne. I thanke God I am not so light of Beliefe as to believe that they will all pay mee; nor will I dispaire, but thinke

some are as willing to pay as they were to subscribe. The Countries that I have footed, have been fruitfull, plenteous, with abundance of most good things ( except Newes and Cuckolds ) but such stuffe as my Observations collected, I ambled to distribute to delight my Friends, to please mine Enemies, and pleasure my selfe.

*John Taylor.*

---

A



## A late Weary, Merry Voyage, &c.

*\*T*ime was, this Land was sick of Peace & Wealth,  
 And War, and Poverty must give her Health :  
 Grave Reformation, Physick did apply,  
 And Mars himselfe us'd much Phlebotomy ;  
 I will not say our Land was full of Witches  
 To charm us to contemne our Peace and Riches ;  
 But my beliefe is fix'd, my thoughts are pick'd ;  
 One halfe were Witches, th' other halfe bewitch'd,  
 Stern War hath let us bloodie Master vaine,  
 And many a pursie purse did purge and draine.  
 Thus Plenty made us proud, and war doth shew  
 How good Peace was, and how our selves to know,  
 Affliction is the Line, the Hooke the Net  
 To catch us from the world, they new beget  
 Our soules to Heav'n, and by a gracious Birth  
 Lifts up our mindes to slight this sordid Earth.

*And I doe wish all Sects, strifes, contradictions,  
would make such use of Englands sad afflictions.*

---

*Travellers Course*

*And now a short discourse of travelling  
Of Travellers, and of my wandering:  
The Sun's a Traveller (and a great one too)  
In twice twelve houres, he round the world doth goe;  
The Moone surrounds us in her changing spheare,  
Three hundred sixty and five times a yeare.  
But yet the thoughts of man more quick doth run  
Then flashing lightning, or the Moone or Sun.  
My restless thoughts can in a moment leape  
To Heaven, and thence to the infernall deepe.  
To Europe, Asia, and America,  
To the orient Indies, to bot Africa;  
The Summer, Autumne, Winter, and the Spring  
Are in perpetuall motion, travelling.  
And though my thoughts (like other men's are vaine,  
winds, Seas, nor Stormes, my thinking can restraine.  
At Travellers, let no man carpe or cavill;  
Our Mothers (at our lirths) were all in travell.  
And from our birth unto our buriall,  
In divers Functions we do travell All.  
The Footmans feet, the Statesmans working braine,  
In travell, labour, and continuall paine*



Do spend themselves, and all their courses bend  
 For private ends (to no end) till they end.  
 The Lawyer travells, his tongue (swift with sleight)  
 Sells his words deare, by measure, tale, and weight:  
 And those that buy them deare, do often find  
 They paid well for good words, but words are winde.  
 All men are born to travell, each man must  
 With paine and travell, turn unto his dust:  
 Then happy is the man that can go right,  
 Who doth his paths with Davids Lanthorne light.  
 And all my life time it hath been my fate  
 To be a traveller legitimate:  
 From head to heele, by either Land or Sea  
 I am a Traveller, Right Cape a Pen.  
 Now Clothoe, my poor vitall thread hath spunne,  
 And Lachesis, her reeling work's near done:  
 Now Atropos is ready with her Knife  
 To cut the uncertaine feeble twist of life;  
 Now in my Autumne, or my fall o'th lease  
 Halfe dead, halfe living, halfe blinde, lame, halfe deafe,  
 Now all these five halves can not make one whole  
 (From m' head unto my body bearing sole)  
 Now at this time, with brains, and feet, and pen,  
 I am an old new Traveller agen.  
 'Tis not the greatnes of Goliath can  
 Perswade me to be lesser than a man:

*La miner*

She's cal'd a ship, whose burthen's but foure score,  
 And one thats fifteen hundred is no more.  
 Though Folio be our learned Vollums, yet  
 Decimo sexto, may expresse some wit.  
 A generous minde respects the poor man's Mite,  
 'Tis said, a Larke is better then a Kite.  
 Nor would I haue the Reader to mistake,  
 That odious bold comparisons I make:  
 Pamphlets must not compare with Reverend writings  
 Of Theologues, or Historians grave enditings.  
 The Owle must not as high as th' Eagle flee,  
 Yet Owles are Fowls, as well as Eagles bee.  
 So I, that am poor, weak, Aquaticus,  
 A Traveller, and Poet Minnimus;  
 The honour, wholly, humbly I ascribe  
 To the worthies of most sacred Levi's Tribe,  
 And the learn'd servants of the triple Trine,  
 whose verses make mortality divine:  
 Your genius high Illuminations are  
 Transcending mine, as Titan doth a Starre;  
 Yet your refulgence doth not blinde me so,  
 But that my silly Glowwormes light doth glow.  
 I scribble, and I walke, I walke and scribble,  
 I give and take Jest, Bull, and clinch, and quibble.  
 Amongst good Poets I have plaid at Crambo,  
 And I have found mens words and deedes not Ambo.

*The*

The last yeare (sixteen hundred forty nine)  
 I went to Cornewall, and some foes of mine  
 Did certifie a Lye, maliciously,  
 That I was subtile, and a dangerous spy;  
 And did with travell, and a faign'd pretence  
 With th' Enemy have some Intelligence.  
 For which three dayes in prison I was closed,  
 With sleepe reposed, and my minde composed:  
 I knew my conscience clear, and well disposed,  
 By Truths my accusations were opposed,  
 And I (not found the man I was supposed)  
 Without a Fee or Fine, on me imposed,  
 And unto misery and want exposed  
 (Not guilty found) from Prison I was losed.  
 But if I had a thought, or bad intent  
 When I from London, into Cornwall went,  
 Against the Army, State, or Parliament,  
 Let torments both my soule and corps torment.  
 No man can blame me much that I have grumbled,  
 That I, for no cause was thus tossed and tumbled;  
 And that I never could m' Accuser see,  
 My Books and Bills took, and detain'd from me:  
 The Books declar'd my Journey too and fro,  
 The Bills, were names of men, and where to go  
 To finde the men, to pay me for my pain,  
 My losse of those, made all my labour vain;

And for that losse, I once more try my friends,  
 Hope tells me, Time will make me some amends.  
 False Fortunes frownes, makes me not fear or shrink,  
 And evill fall on him that ill doth think.

My Muse shall now sing, though she be no Singer,  
 For (Reader with thee) I'll no longer linger :  
 My brain Enthusiastick holds it meet  
 To make the feet of Verse, tell how my feet  
 Did travell gauling gravell, and surbated,  
 Sometimes by day, sometimes by night belated.  
 To write my acts my selfe, as 'tis most fit,  
 Caesar himselfe his Commentaries writ :  
 And solid Johnson made his Muse his Cock  
 To crow his savoury Voyage up Elee: Dux :  
 So I do hold it worthy imitation,  
 To follow them, and write mine own Relation.  
 The fourteenth day of August, London, London  
 I left, O what hath many a mothers \* son don ?  
 What hath the mad and furious sword and gun don ?  
 But kill'd some, made some rich, and some are undon.  
 That I may say of London, what a Town ist,  
 There lives the Seeker, Dipper, and the Brownist :  
 There's roome for Ranters, and alas how apt ist  
 To harbour the ungovern'd Annabaptist ?

Th'ast

\* This kinde of Verse or Rime, is hard to make, and when they are made they are  
 not worth any thing, especially when they are in the hands of an ignorant Reader.

Th'ast plaid thy Game home, like a cunning Gamester,  
 Thou more Religions hast, then hath dam'd Amster.  
 I downe the Thames the day aforesaid went,  
 (On one side Essex, on the other Kent)  
 Untill at last, to Gravesend I was borne,  
 And lodg'd in Milton, at the plenteous Horne.  
 That Horne, was Cornucopia unto mee  
 Two dayes meat, drinke, and lodging, \* quarter free.  
 From thence unto a private house I went,  
 And there (with small charge, and much discontent)  
 Foure dayes I stayd, and every tide did watch  
 To have some Ship, or Hoigh, Boat, Barke, or Katch,  
 To carry me to Norfolk or some place  
 Where I might foot it, and jog on my Race.  
 In all this time I never wanted drinke,  
 And for their drinke, I give 'em thanks in Inke :  
 No otherwayes my thanks I can expresse,  
 But verbally, and with the Pen and Presse.

\* I thank a Baker. I thank John Braginton the Master of a Tilt-boat there for my  
 foure dayes entertainment.

---

The twentieth day of August, Kent and I  
 Tooke leave, and to the Fort of Tilberry  
 I past, and ere I there an houre had bin,  
 A lucky ship of Ipswich tooke me in.  
 (She quickly spread abroad her caruas wings,  
 The whistling winde in shrowdes and takin sings :

Thas

*That next day following, near the boure eleaven  
we came t' an Anchor safe in Harwich Haven:*

*My thanks unto the Master I must utter,  
He's owner of the ship, his surname's Butter :*

*His ship and selfe both nam'd the Jonathan,  
And I have seldome found a kinder man.*

*My fare was as he sa'd, and well he sa'd,  
And (in his Cabbin) I my lodging shar'd ;*

*For which he would not take one mite of mee,  
Thus was my Passage, Meat, and Lodging free :*

*For which I would requite him, if I could,  
And till I can, let him take what I would.*

*From Harwich Harbour, with the winde and tide,  
In a small Boat, we up to Ipswich slide :*

*At the White Horse, I there was emertain'd  
So well (for nothing) that they nothing gain'd.*

*For which among my worthy friends I ranke them,  
Kind Master Atkins, and his wife, I thanke them.*

*Ipswich*, is the chiefe Towne of the County of  
*Suffolke*, it hath twelve Parish Churches in it:  
There hath been more in former times, it may bee  
called a City for the large bounds and extent of it:  
It is from the North to the South a large mile in  
breadth, and from East to West it is two miles  
in

in length : our famous infortunate Cardinall , *Thomas Wolsey* was borne there, where hee had caused to bee layd the foundation of a Magnificent stately Colledge, the ruines whereof are now scarce to be found ; but in memory of his birth and birth place, there hee built a large and strong Shambles ( for Butchers to sell, and others to buy flesh ) the like of it is not in *England* ; the Towne hath been walled strongly, but spoyled and demollished by the *Danes*, was ( nor is like to bee ) never repaired ; it is governed by two *Bayliffes*, and ten *Portmen*, who doe weare Scarlet Gownes when occasion is, their Common Counsell ( being many ) are very substantiall men, read more in *Mr. Camden* or *Mr. Speed*.

August the two and twentieth, thence went I  
Eight miles to Stanhum, and lodg'd at the Pyc.  
The next day, was an extream rainy Friday,  
wet (through my cloaths) unto my skin, or hyde, a  
Tedium and weary Journy twenty miles,  
Bedabbled, dirty, clambring many stiles,  
I came at night unto a Town call'd Newton,  
And there I had a dry house, and wet sute on.  
On Saturday (the day call'd Bartholmew)  
I rose, and trampled through the mire and dew ;

My tyred feet the rotten highway beat on  
 Unto a Village, or a Bridge call'd Eaton :  
 There at the Lyon, (red as any Stammell)  
 Is harbour good, for man, or Horse, or Cammell :  
 There dwels my cousin Wil Hart, and's good wife Bridgid  
 By them two nights, I was well fed and liddged.  
 I stayd with them the Saturday and Sunday,  
 And be with me to Norwich went on Munday :  
 There did my Cousin Hart, prove more kind hearted,  
 And there we merry were,ooke hands and parted.  
 One Master Edward Martin there doth dwell,  
 Who both diuine Bookes, and prophane doth sell :  
 We (till that time) ne're saw each others face,  
 Yet there he freely kept me three dayes space ;  
 From Monday untill Thursday morning there  
 He thought no cost too heavy, or too deere :  
 He brought me out of Town: a mile at least,  
 And there I freed him from a troublous Guest.

Norwich, is a famous ancient City, built many  
 yeares before the Norman Conquest ; it had a  
 strong Castle in it double ditched, out of the ruins  
 or corruption of the Castle, a Jayle (or Goale) was  
 engendred, to which use it is now put : It was spoy-  
 led by *Hugh Bigot* Earl of *Norfolk*, in the raign of *K*  
*Henry the second*, and a greater mischief befell the  
 City



City in King *Henry* the third's time, for the Citizens (in, a tumultuous fury) spoyled it with fire, and withal burnt the goodly Priory Church, which afterwards they were caused to rebuild in a fairer manner. Lastly, *Norwich* was won and fired by *Ket* and his Army of Rebels, since when it hath been well repaired, and in a flourishing condition; the wals of the City are of more circuit or bounds then the wals of *London*: But it is to be considered, there are Pasture Grounds, Gardens, and waste Lands (not built upon) more then half the ground within the walls; it hath 12. gates to issue in and out 12. severall wayes, whereby it may be conceived that it is large in circuit, (for *London* hath not so many) there are 30. faire Parish Churches, there were five more, but they are ruined before these present troubles; the goodly Cathedrall is much defaced in these late times of Reformation. It was governed by 2 *Bayliffs*, till King *Edward* the fourth impowred them to chuse a Mayor, and gave Priviledges to them, and Charters of honorable and memorable regard: The Low *Dutch* (or *Netherland* Nation) being frighted from their Country by the cruelty of the Duke *D'Alva*, who was Livere-nant Governour there under the King of *Spaine*, (who for his Tyranny the people called Duke *Diabols*) they fled in multitudes into *England*, and thou-

B

sands

lands of them came to *Norwich*, where they have  
 fourthrived, and withall much enriched the City,  
 that it is thought there are 10000. Weavers, Spin-  
 ners, and other Artificers, dayly employed for the  
 making of fundry sorts of *Sayes*, with other Stuffs  
 innumerable, either for wearing or ornaments;  
 to adorne houses with Hangings, Carpets, or Cur-  
 taines, of innumerable sorts, colours, varieties, and  
 more hard names then any Apothecary hath upon  
 his Boxes or Gallypots, and so much for *Norwich*,  
 with my further thanks to Mr. *Edward Martin*, with  
 Mr. *Richard Thacker*, Mr. *Vowte*, *Cum multis aliis*,  
*Omnium Gatribus, Alla Mall.*

The County of *Norfolk* hath in some parts found  
 a strange alteration, since the last yeare, 1649. in  
 the price of Hay, for it is fallen from 4s. 4d. the  
 hundred weight, to one groat the hundred; this I  
 thought worthy of relating to shew the fertility of  
 the Soyle, by the Almightyes blessings.

*August the nine and twentieth I went scrib*  
*From Norwich City ten miles further North,*  
*To Worsted, well wet, with a heavenly shower,*  
*Mine Hostesse entertain'd me, to her power;*  
*Although the weather frown'd, she did not lower,*  
*Her looks were sweet, but yet her Ale was sower.*  
*My lodging good, my reck'ning was not deare,*  
*For ten pence, Supper, Bed, and Breakfast there.*

*I arose as soone as day began to show,  
 And (two miles thence) did unto Honing go;  
 There, to the Minister I welcomen<sup>ent</sup>,  
 And merrily one day and night did pass:  
 And there we made a shifte that Fryday night  
 To eate a well fed, fat Tith Pig outright.  
 Next day I Honing left, and did begin  
 To crosse the North of Norfolk, towards Lyn:  
 That day I chanc'd a gallant house to finde  
 A Master lounisfull, and servants kinde:  
 I need not tell my Reader where, or whe,  
 The name of Oxnet, all doth plainly show.*

*Sir William Paston: there I found and spake with  
 the Apelles of our Age, Mr. Edward Peirce Painter,  
 and Mr. John Stone was there, whose rare Arts are  
 most exquisitely manifested both in painting, lim-  
 ming, and cunning carved Statues in stone.  
 That Saturday I went t' a Towne call'd Reeph<sup>am</sup>,  
 And as amongst great sinners, I the chiefe am:  
 I grieve to see the Churches there demollish'd,  
 Seels plenty, and true Picty abo'lish'd.*

*This Town of Repham (or Reeph<sup>am</sup>) hath three  
 faire Churches, were standing in one Church-yard,  
 it is sayd they were built by three Sisters; one of  
 them hath beene long decayed and fallen to the  
 ground, onely the Tower stands faire and strong;  
 the other two Churches do serve four Parishes,*

and I could hear no more but three Bels on Sunday there: So that the reckoning is one Church-yard, three Bels, two Churches, three Steeples, foure Parishes, and one broken Church for Lumber.

The second of September (being Monday) I left Reepham, and travelled 18. miles to a Village called Gayton; but by the way (at a place called Brisley) I was told of a Holy Sister, who by falling back, had risen forward, to the increase of the faithfull: she being reprov'd falling and rising, sayd it was pure zeale that pricked her on, and that it was done with a Brother, he and she, and every one being bound to do for, and with one another, and I hearing of her kindnesse bestowed this short Epigram on her.

*Hath Lust defil'd her purenesse, never match'd?  
No 'twas deceit, she hath been cunny-catch'd:  
It was a rule, she learned of her Mother,  
That 'twas no sin to couple with a Brother.*

But to return again where I left: at Gayton there are 2 playn Ale-houses, and one Wine Ale-house; these houses were distant one from the other a furlong, or two flight shoor: at the first house (where the Wine was) there were fellows swaggering, and ready to draw their fists, there I would not lodge; at the second I would have lodged, but could not, their beds were all taken up; at the third the doors  
were

were lock'd & the windows shut, nobody at home, the folkes not come home from Harveſt worke; forward I knew not whether, and backward I would not goe, and to ſtand ſtill there was cold comfort for an old weary Traveller, there being no harbour, but a wild Common, nor any company to paſſe the time withall but 3 or 4 flocks of Geefe; in this extremity I eſpy'd an old-old, very old, neat handed little aſtient man, to him I went, and told him that I would have lodged at that houſe, but it was ſhut up; quoth he the folkes will come home by and by, but I doe not know whether they have any lodging or no, and ſure me think you be a clean man, and tis pittie you ſhould lye on the Common, if you will goe home and lye with me, I am an old Widdower, and one bed ſhall hold us both.

I thankfully embraced his courteous offer, and went with him, where I ſup'd and log'd well, and would take nothing of me; his name is *Sampſon Warrington*, in remembrance of whoſe kindnes I have written this thankfull expreſſion.

I was told there of a precise holy mā in thoſe parts, who ſent his man unto a Paſture ground to ſee his horſe, the fellow went, and brought word to his Maſter that his horſe was *Dead*, dead quoth hee, how dar'ſt thou tell me my horſe is dead? the fellow answered, I pray you be not angry, ſure I am  
that

that if he be not dead, that he is either deceased, or changed his life; well sayd the Master, if my horse be departed, I have lost a good one, *for he was secure of his feet, that I would have put my life into his hands.*

Tuesday September 3. I went 4 miles to a Village called *North-Wooton*, 3 miles from *Linn*, there I was much beholding to my Kinsman Mr. *John Clark*, he gave me large and free welcome, for which to him with his good Wife, my gratitude is manifested; also my thanks to Mr. *Swift*.

Wednesday I went to *Linn*, where a good old joviall Lad named *John Scarborough* entertained mee sumptuously (for my Cozen *John Clark*'s sake) and also he was somewhat the kinder to me, because he had often heard of me, besides of his own disposition is free from discourtesie to strangers, I thank him for my fresh fish, my Duck, or Mallard, my odging, Ale, and Oysters, with the appurtenances. &c.

*Linn* was much honoured by King *John* for their Loyalty, for which that King gave them his owne word, and a faire gilt Bole, which they keep as honorable memorialls to this day: it is a faire large strong Sea Towne, it is now a Garison, the River hat the Sea doth flow thercinto, disperseth it self into many Branches, for the commodious enriching

ing of divers Shires, Counties, Townes, and Places, as *Rutlandshire*, *Huntingdonshire*, *Cambridge*, and *Cambridgeshire*, the Isle of *Ely*, &c. those Rivers doe carry and re-carry all maner of goods and Merchandise, so that *Linn* with all those Countreys are furnished with more Sea-coales then doe come up the River of *Thames*, wood being so scarce that the Rich might blow their nailes, and the poore would bee starved in the Winter for want of firing in all those Counties, if the Rivers were not.

6...Thursday the 5. of September I left *Linn*, and tooke an open passage Boat, being bedewed all day and night, and almost all the Fryday with raine without ceasing, so that, on Fryday I came to *Cambridge* sufficiently pickled: there I tooke up my lodging at the signe of the Rose (one of the best Innes) where I thank Mr. *Brian* and his Wife (my old acquaintance) I had good cheere and lodging gratis and welcome; I tooke notice of the Colledges, they stand as fair and stately as ever, and (for any thing that I know) there may be as much learning as ever was, but I saw but few Schollars or Gowne men.

On Saturday the 7. of September, I was determined to see *Sturbridge* Faire, but by fortune I espyed an empty Cart returning towards London 17 miles to a Towne call'd *Baldock*; by which means I left  
*Cambridge*

Cambridge without taking my leave of Mr. Brian, for which I crave his and his Wifes pardon.

That day I was uncarterd at Baldock, and footed it 7 miles more to Steevenedge, there (at the Faulcon) I stayd Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday I travelled to Hatfield, and to Barnet 17 miles, wher I was discreetly wet and dirty, and took up my lodging at the Bell with a silent Clapper. The next day (being Tuesday) I came home to my house wet and weary in Phoenix Alley, at the signe of the Crowne, near the Globe Taverne, about the middle of Long-Acre or Covent Garden.

*Thus having touch'd no State, or State Affaires,  
Or mentioned men that sit in Honour's Chaires :  
I dare declare him of a base condition,  
That of my Lines or Travels hath suspicion.  
I formerly have falsely been accus'd,  
And therefore now I hope to be excus'd.  
This time I travell'd (for my lifes preserving)  
To get some money, to prevent a starving :  
And every one that for my Booke doth pay me,  
Doth love me, lodge me, feed me, and aray me,  
Wish feet and pen, my walke and worke is done,  
And (Cæsar like) the Conquest I have won :  
And though I never shall have Cæsars Fame,  
Yet I did see, I came, and overcame.*

F I N I S.



for  
lit  
(on)  
ra-  
as  
at  
ng  
y  
r  
-

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
**HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY**

---

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION